

HEROES

CHAPTER 34

THE DEATH OF HANA GITELMAN

Part 2 of 2

As the fate of the heroes is revealed, Hana Gittelman learns that she too plays a vital role in these strangest of days. The mysterious man in horned-rimmed glasses has given her an ominous challenge, one which could prove to be the death of her...



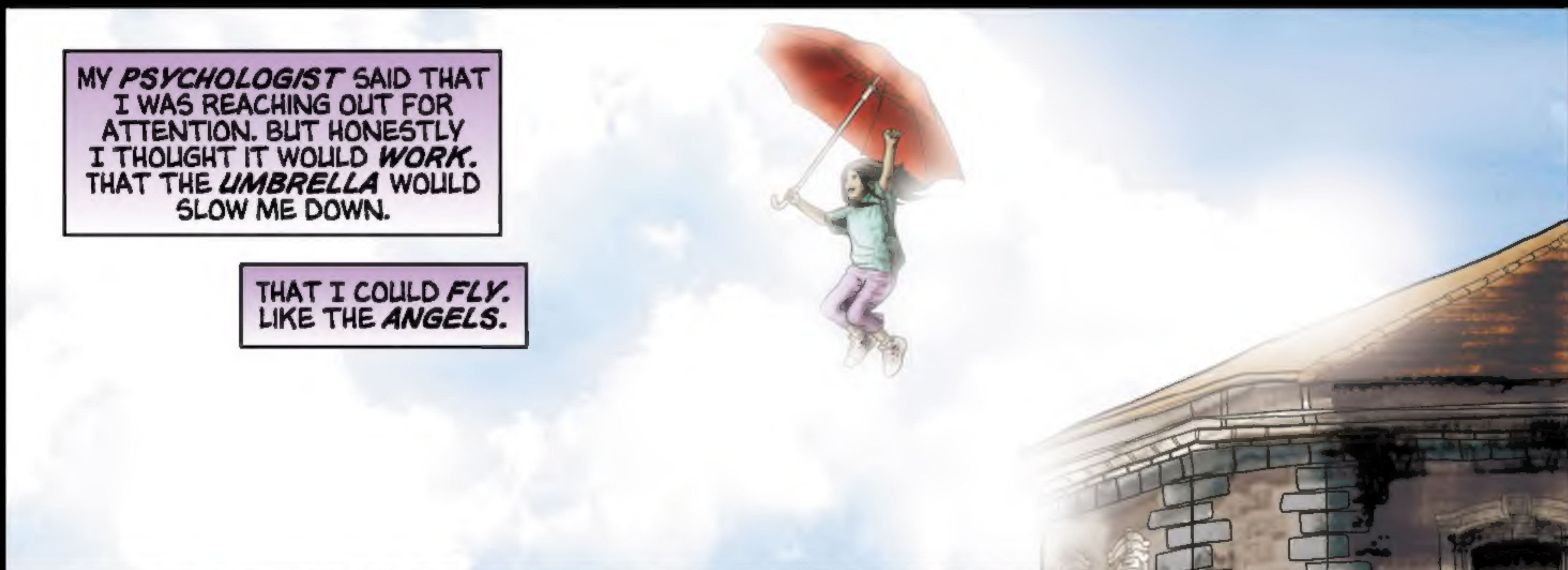
THIRTEEN
YEARS AGO.

IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY.
MOMENTS BEFORE YOU DIE,
YOUR LIFE FLASHES BEFORE
YOUR EYES. BUT I DIDN'T
EXPECT TO REMEMBER *THIS*...



TEL AVIV,
ISRAEL.

IT WAS TWO WEEKS
AFTER MY MOM AND
GRANDMOTHER DIED.



MY *PSYCHOLOGIST* SAID THAT
I WAS REACHING OUT FOR
ATTENTION. BUT HONESTLY
I THOUGHT IT WOULD *WORK*.
THAT THE *UMBRELLA* WOULD
SLOW ME DOWN.

THAT I COULD *FLY*.
LIKE THE *ANGELS*.



I WAS
WRONG.

MY DAD SAID...

HANA, I *KNOW*
YOU'RE UPSET ABOUT
YOUR MOM'S DEATH... BUT
YOU MUST LEARN TO BE
MORE *CAREFUL*.

MY TEACHER SAID...

YOU MUST
LEARN TO BE
RESPECTFUL.

MY DRILL SERGEANT SAID...

YOU MUST
LEARN TO
OBEY.

THE MAN IN THE
HORN-RIMMED
GLASSES SAID...

THEY'RE
TRACKING THE ISOTOPE
WITH A *SATELLITE*. YOU
MUST *DESTROY* THE
SATELLITE. IF YOU DON'T...
NONE OF US WILL BE
SAFE.

TODAY. CHINA.

SO, HERE I *AM*. CAREFUL.
RESPECTFUL. OBEDIENT.
AND YET -- THERE'S STILL
A *GUN* IN MY FACE.

THIS *ISN'T* HOW I
EXPECTED TO *DIE*...



...AND I'M *NOT* ABOUT TO GO
DOWN WITHOUT A *FIGHT*.

THE *DEATH* OF HANA GITTELMAN

ARON ELI
COLEITE
Story

JASON
BADOWER
Art & Color

COMICRAFT
Lettering

An
ASPEN MLT INC.
Production

Part
2



I CAN READ AND INTERPRET ALL FORMS OF *WIRELESS COMMUNICATION*. BUT I CAN ALSO SEND IT. *MANIPULATE IT*.

HEY!
WAIT!



I'M SO SORRY FOR THE *CONFUSION*, DR. GITTELMAN.

IT'S ALRIGHT. I COULD USE THE *EXCERISE*.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT BELIEVE I'M AN *ENGINEER* FROM ISRAEL JOINING THIS SPACE FLIGHT AS A PART OF NEW *DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS* BETWEEN OUR COUNTRIES.



GET HER BACK TO THE BASE. *NOW!*

ALL THE DOCUMENTS AND E-MAILS WERE *PERFECTLY FORGED* IN MY MIND.



THE LAUNCH IS *READY*. WE'RE JUST WAITING FOR YOUR ARRIVAL.

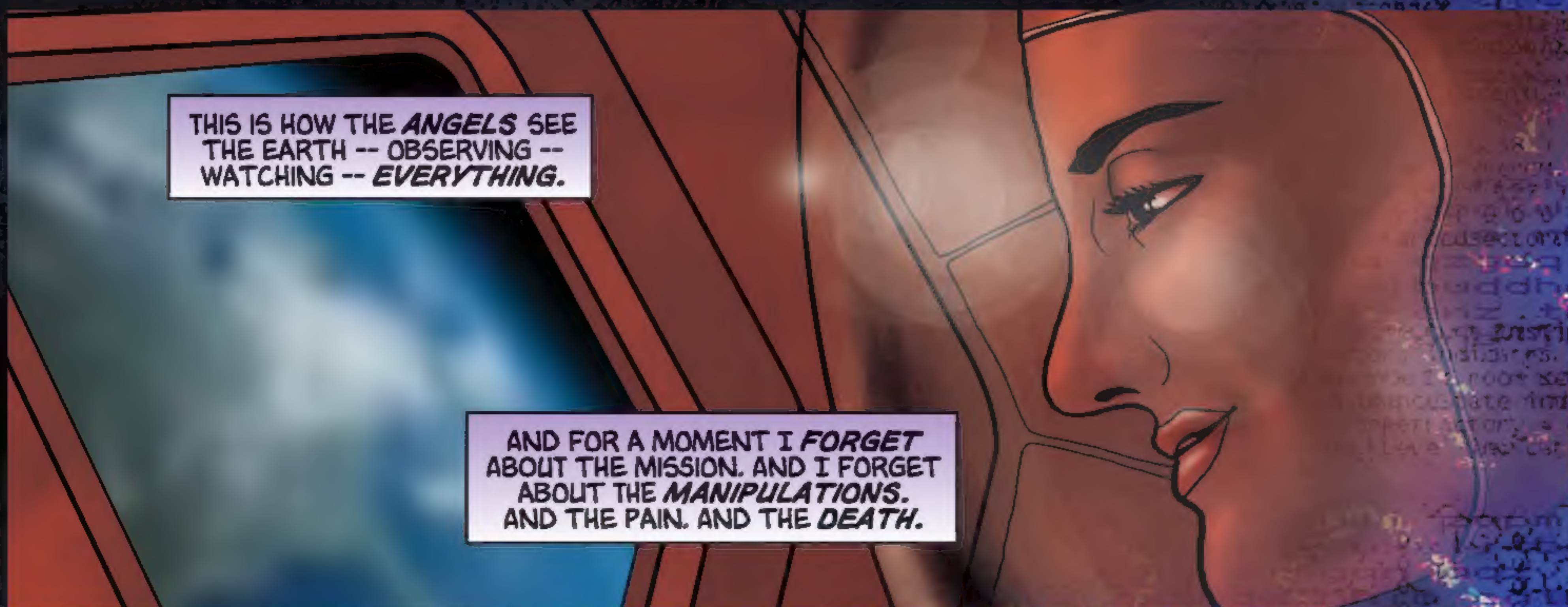
LIKE I SAID, I'M GETTING PRETTY GOOD AT USING THIS *ABILITY*. I'VE DONE SOME *AMAZING* THINGS.



BUT *THIS...*



EVEN IN MY WILDEST DREAMS,
I *NEVER* EXPECTED TO BE
DOING *THIS*...



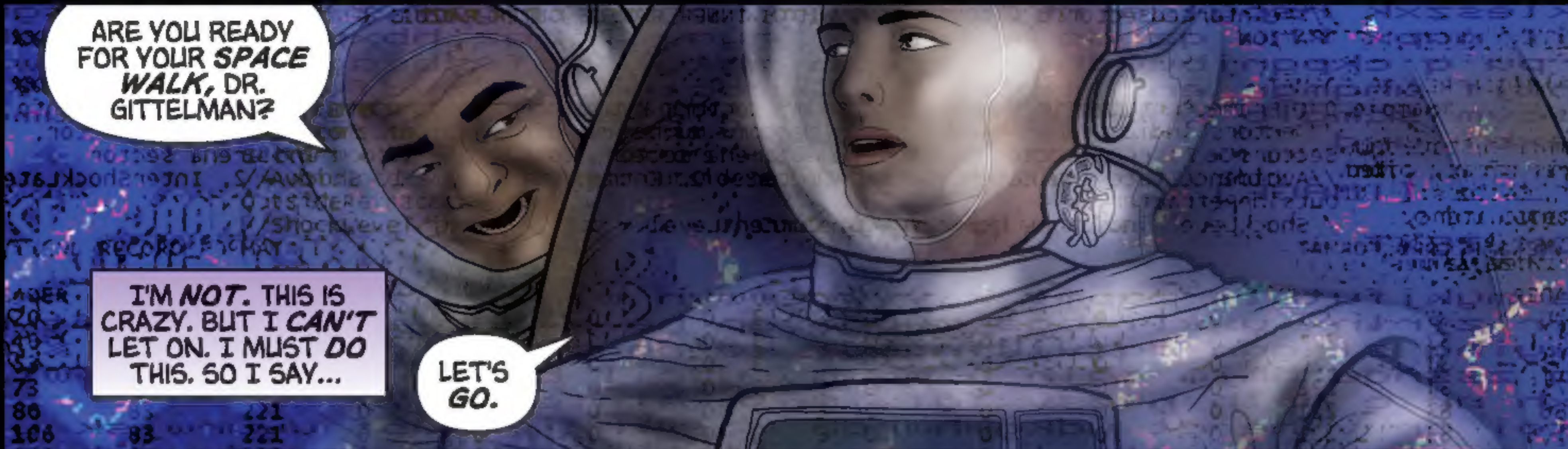
THIS IS HOW THE *ANGELS* SEE
THE EARTH -- OBSERVING --
WATCHING -- *EVERYTHING*.

AND FOR A MOMENT I *FORGET*
ABOUT THE MISSION. AND I FORGET
ABOUT THE *MANIPULATIONS*.
AND THE PAIN. AND THE *DEATH*.



AND THEN MY *ABILITY* KICKS IN
AND REMINDS ME WHY I'M *HERE*.

IT'S SO *STRANGE*, UP HERE.
THE WIRELESS COMMUNICATION
IS SO *THICK*, I CAN BARELY
SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING *ELSE*.



ARE YOU READY
FOR YOUR *SPACE
WALK*, DR.
GITTELMAN?

I'M *NOT*. THIS IS
CRAZY. BUT I *CAN'T*
LET ON. I MUST *DO*
THIS. SO I SAY...

LET'S
GO.

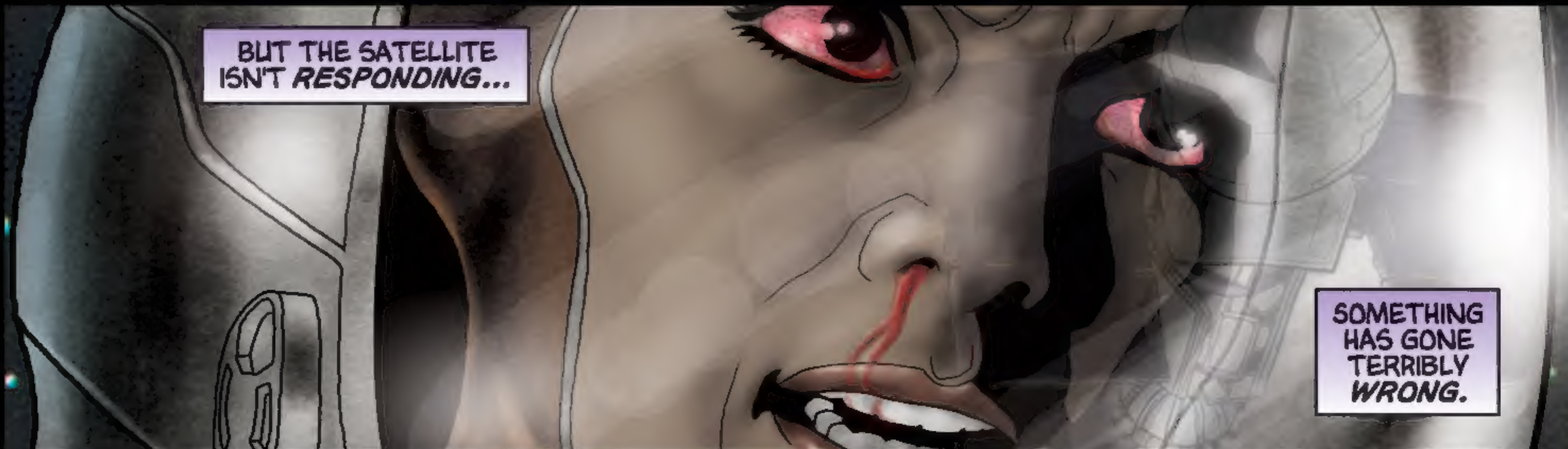


THAT SATELLITE'S CODES ARE ENCRYPTED. I HAD
TO GET *CLOSE* ENOUGH TO BREAK THROUGH IT'S
SECURITY SYSTEMS AND *COMMUNICATE* WITH IT.

I FIND IT QUICKLY,
ORBITING OVER
AUSTRALIA.

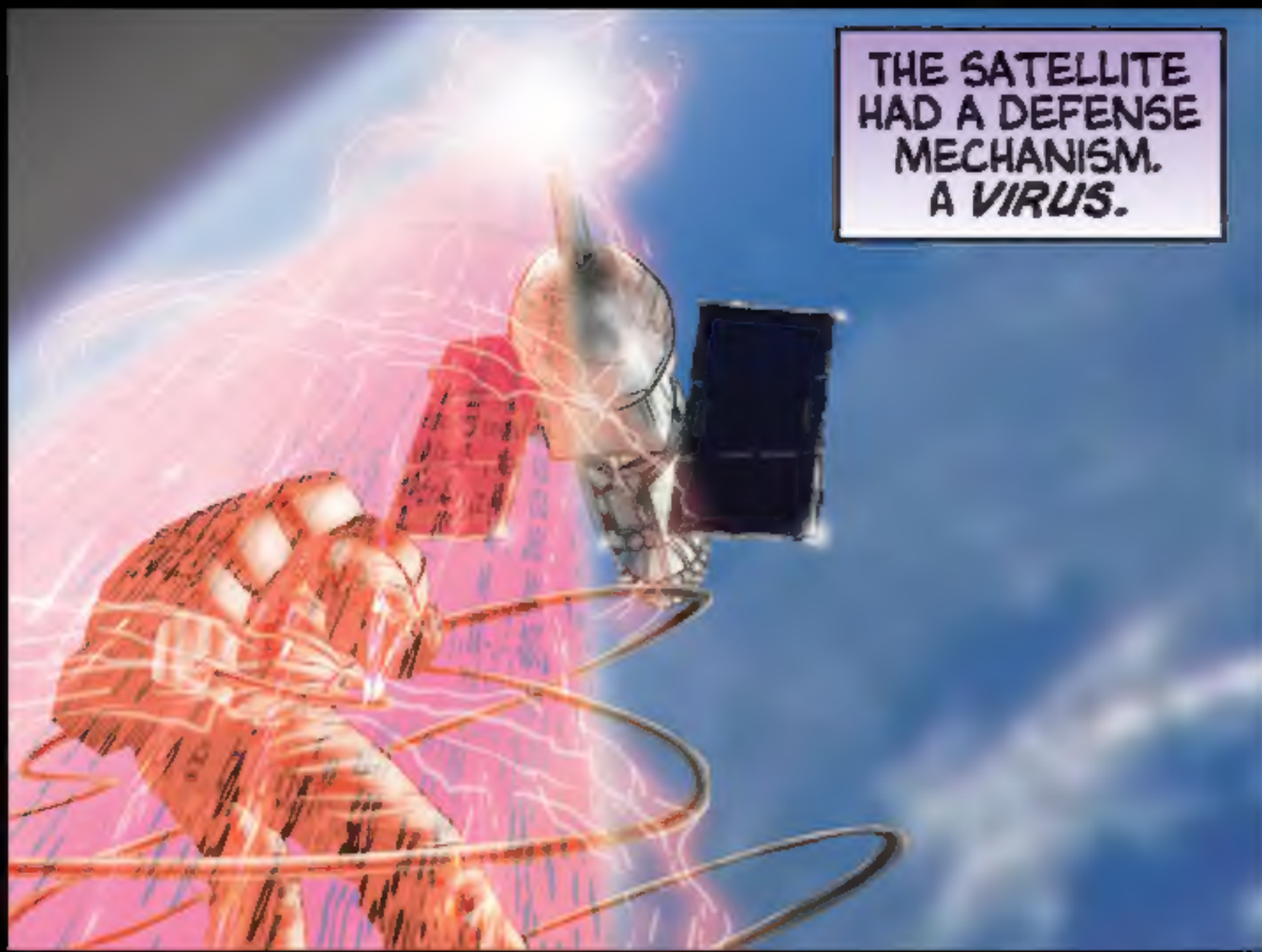


I SEND A *SELF-DESTRUCT* ORDER. THE ONBOARD
GUIDANCE SYSTEM WILL SEND IT INTO THE
ATMOSPHERE WHERE IT WILL BURN TO A *CRISP*.

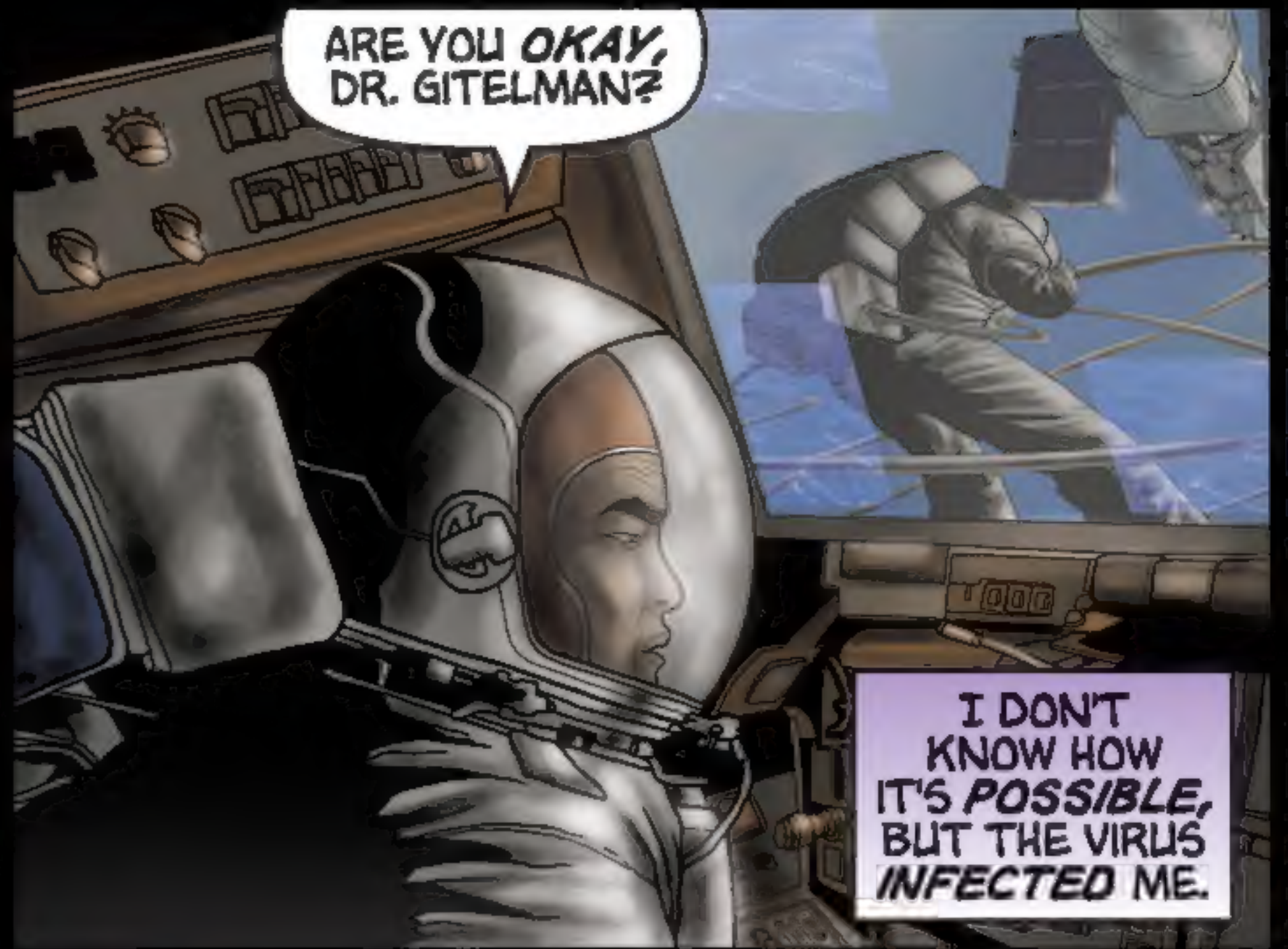


BUT THE SATELLITE
ISN'T *RESPONDING*...

SOMETHING
HAS GONE
TERRIBLY
WRONG.

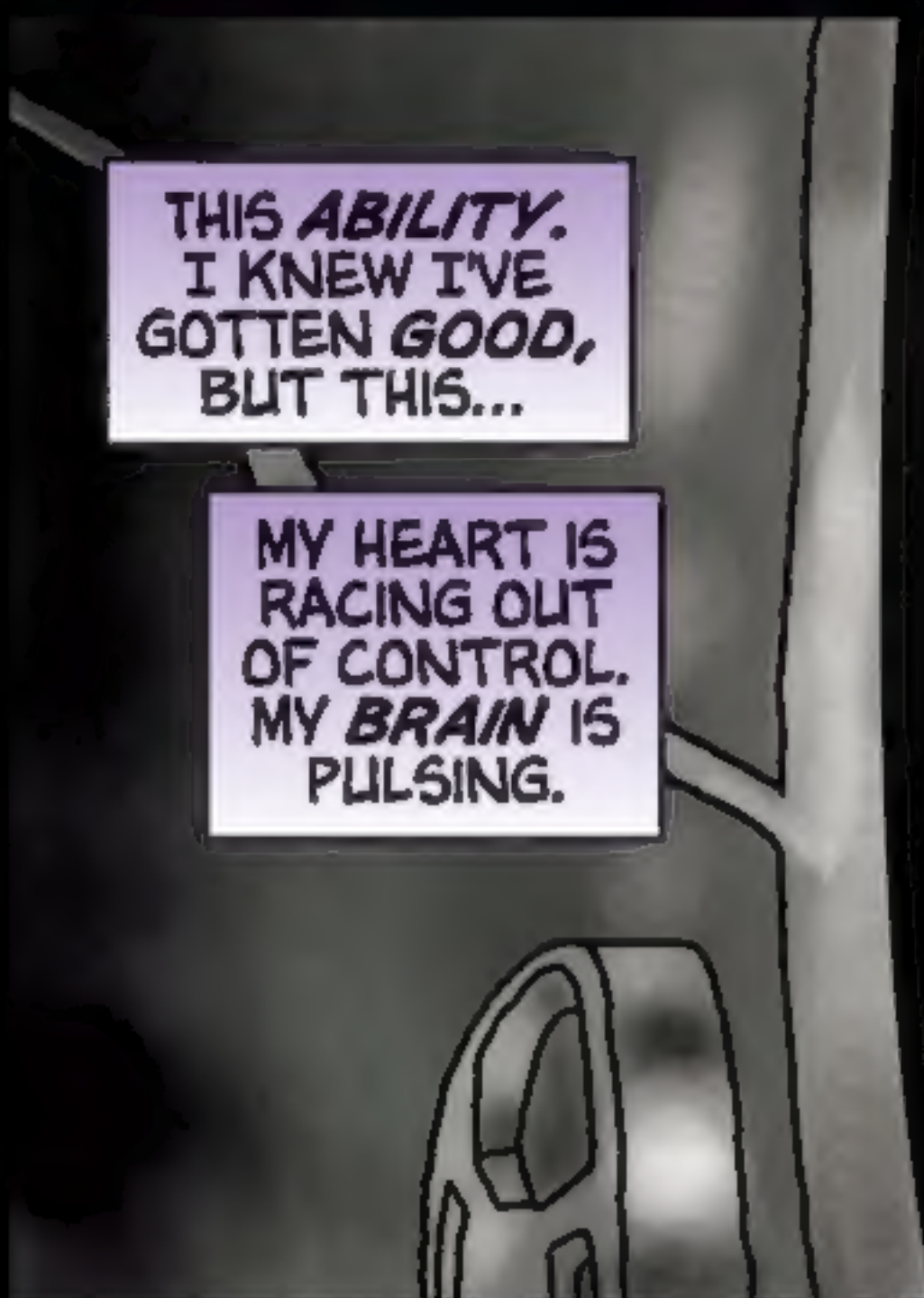


THE SATELLITE
HAD A DEFENSE
MECHANISM.
A *VIRUS*.



ARE YOU *OKAY*,
DR. GITELMAN?

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
IT'S *POSSIBLE*,
BUT THE VIRUS
INFECTED ME.



THIS *ABILITY*.
I KNEW I'VE
GOTTEN *GOOD*,
BUT THIS...

MY HEART IS
RACING OUT
OF CONTROL.
MY *BRAIN* IS
PULSING.




I'M *DYING*...
BUT I'M NOT
DEAD.



I'VE GOT TO
TIME THIS
PERFECTLY.



VISION'S BLURRING. CAN'T
BREATHE. THERE'S ONLY *ONE*
CHANCE TO SUCCEED...

A dramatic comic book illustration showing a character with large, feathered wings sitting atop a large, spherical bomb. The bomb is attached to a dark, rectangular base. A massive, intense explosion of orange and yellow flames and smoke erupts from the base of the bomb, filling the lower half of the frame. The background is a dark, cloudy sky. The character is looking down at the bomb with a somber expression.

I *HAD* TO DO IT. IT WAS THE ONLY *CHOICE*. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THAT PEOPLE LIKE ME COULD BE *SAFE*.

AND I DIDN'T *WANT* TO BE A MARTYR. AND I WASN'T DOING IT FOR *REVENGE*, OR BECAUSE I HAD A *DEATH WISH*. I DID IT BECAUSE IT WAS THE *RIGHT THING* TO DO.

SO, I SUPPOSE IN A LOT OF WAYS -- IT'S *EXACTLY* HOW I EXPECTED TO DIE.

TWO DAYS LATER.
LAS VEGAS.

WE SHOULD
GO BACK TO THE
HOSPITAL. I WANT
TO GO BACK TO THE
HOSPITAL.

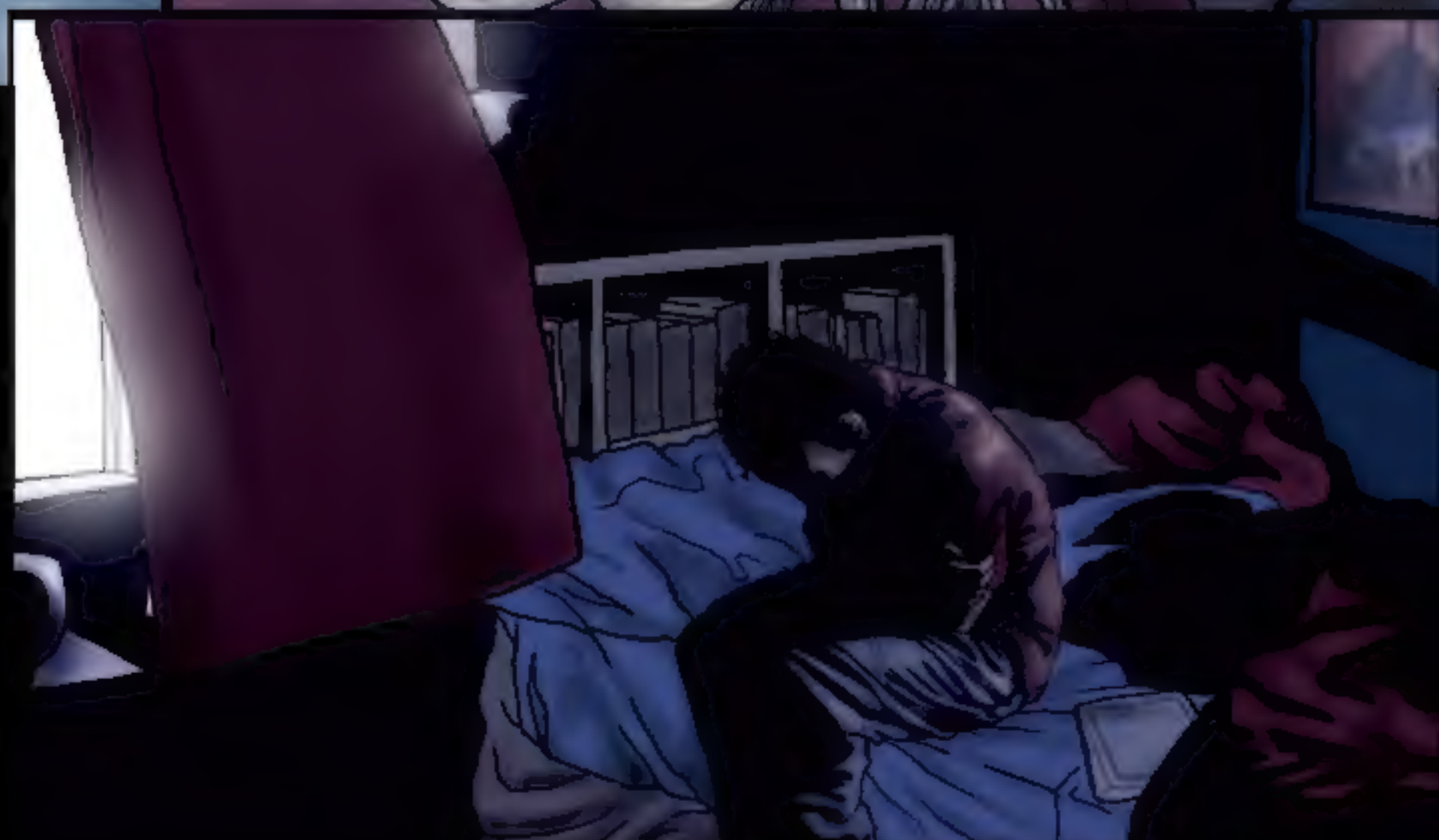
DAD'S GOING
TO BE *FINE*. THE
DOCTORS ARE TAKING
REALLY *GOOD CARE*
OF HIM.

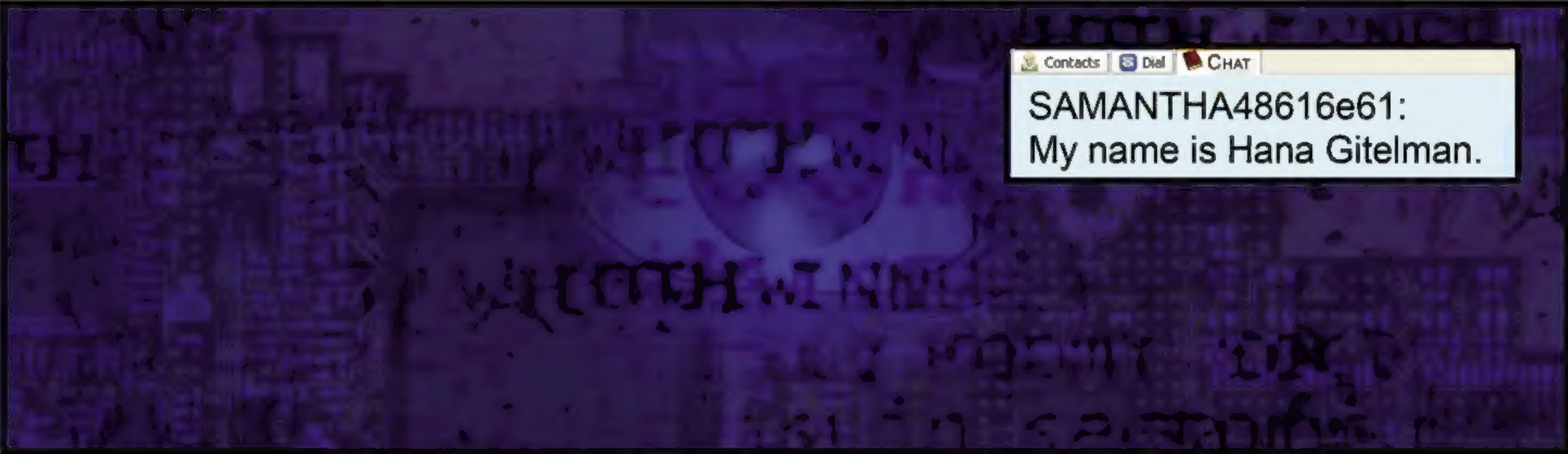
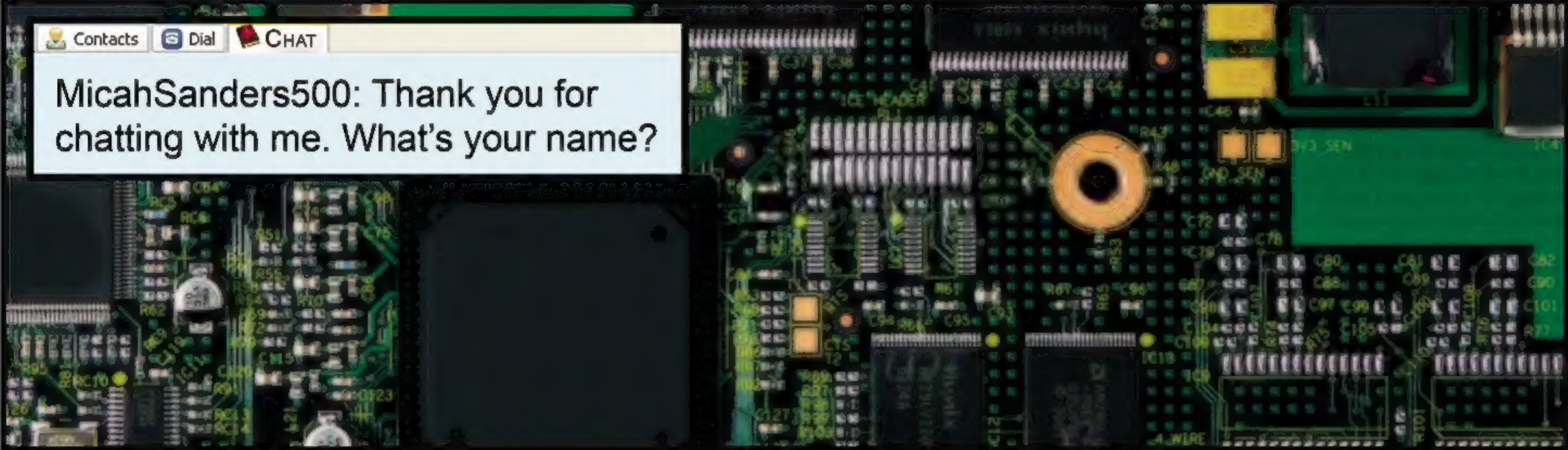
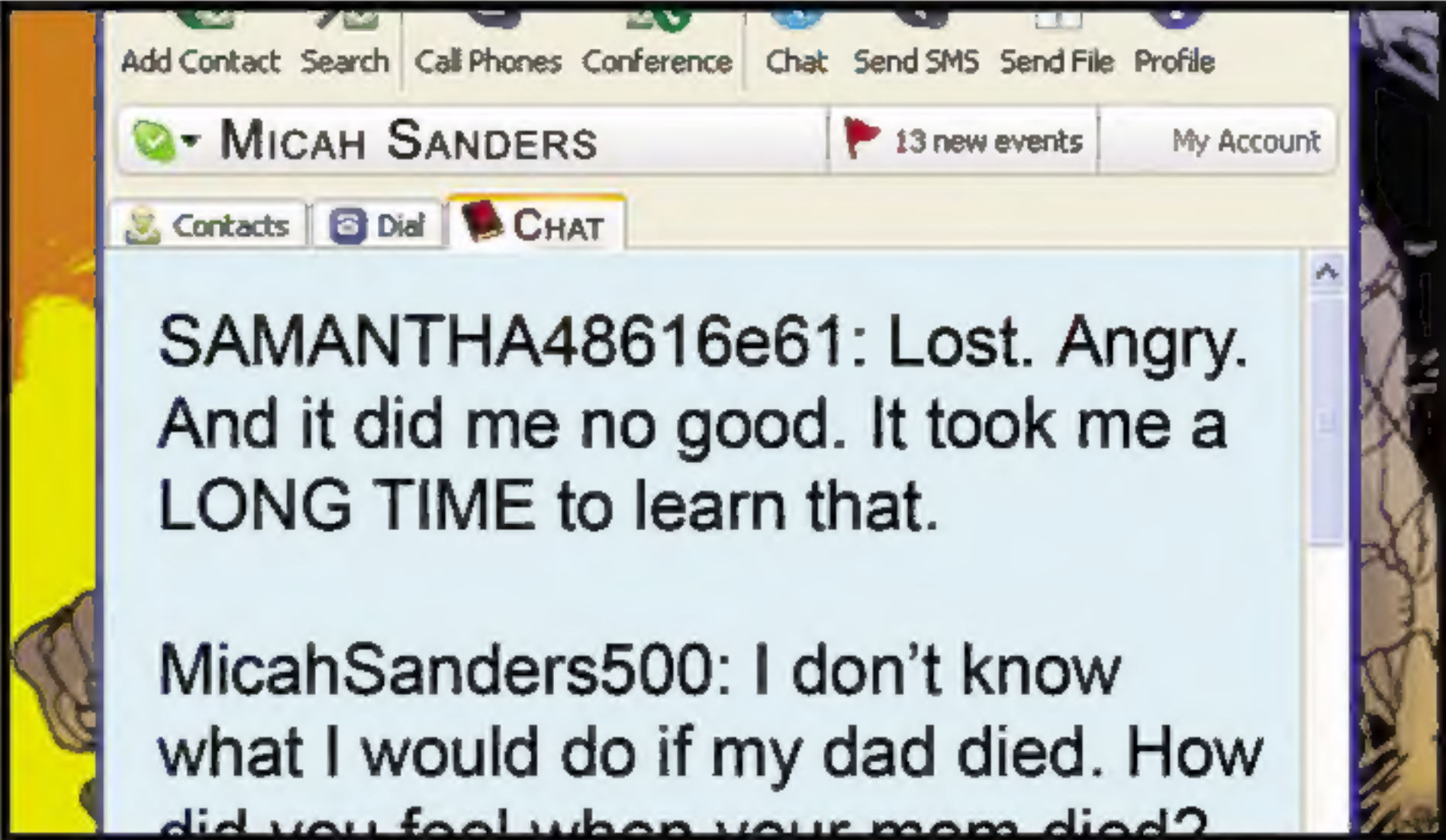
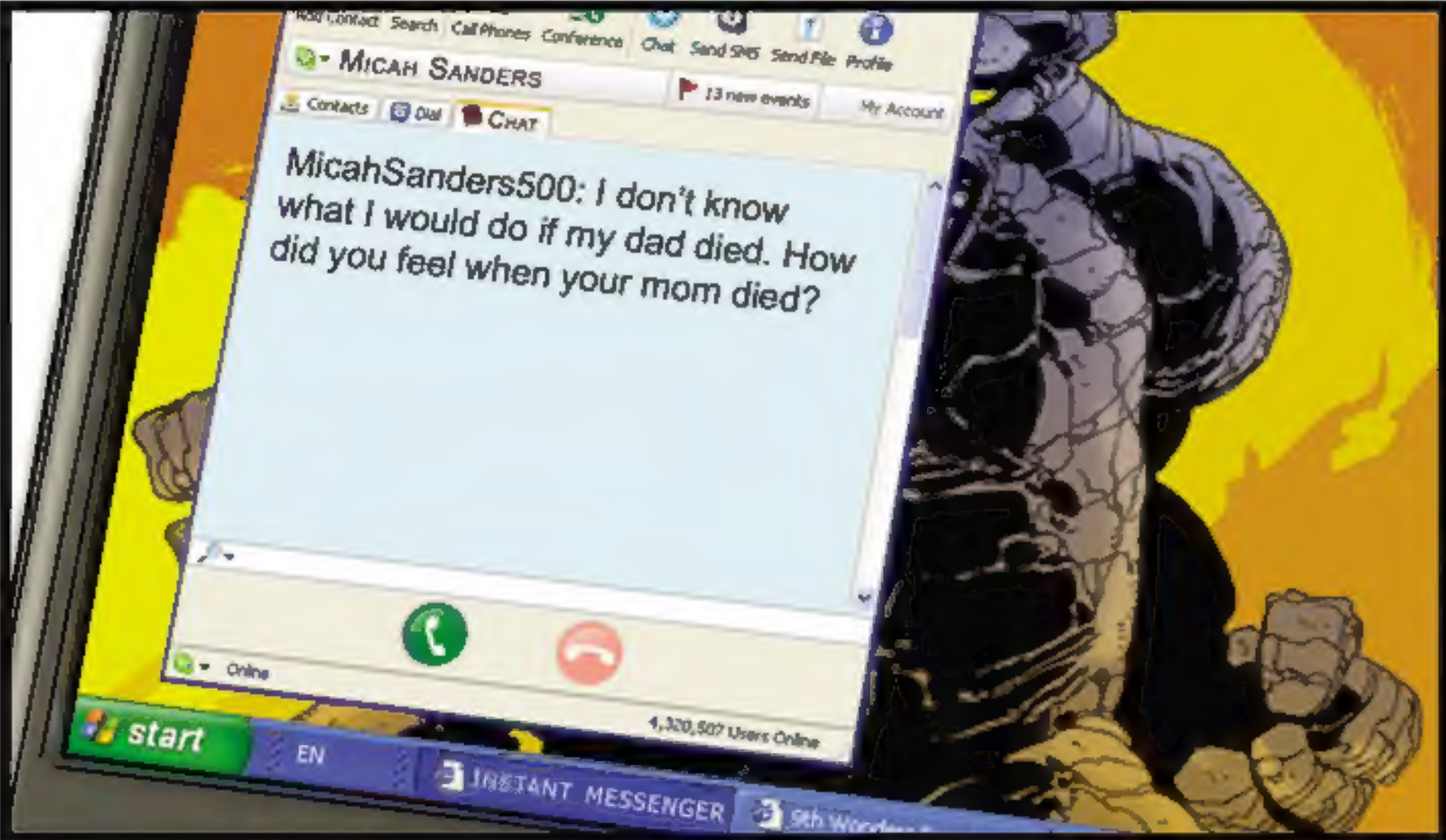
WHAT
IF THEY
DON'T?

THEY
WILL.

BUT
WHAT IF THEY
DON'T?

THEY
WILL.





SAMANTHA48616e61: But, you can call me Wireless.

SAMANTHA48616e61: And the truth is, death is never quite what you expect it to be. It might seem like an ending, but really...



Contacts Dial CHAT
SAMANTHA48616e61: ...The journey is just beginning.